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EDITORIAL

ocks, stockings, suspenders – they're all framing devices, aren't they? When a girl like Aubrey, this issue's centrefold, puts on some socks (or legwarmers, if you want to be technical), it's not the socks themselves we admire, is it? Be they cashmere, angora or 3 pairs for £1 off the market, it's what they do to the girl's legs/pussy/bum combo that works. They're the same legs, the same pussy, the same bum, but throw a bit of fabric in the mix to accentuate them and the effect can be magical. Call it socks appeal, if you must...

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, KT12 3PU or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50



POLL POSITION!

Dear Club

As a long time Club International reader and subscriber, I'm aware that you haven't always done your Girl of the Year poll. But I was taken with a lot of the girls this year and really wanted to let you know who I appreciated. Are you going to do the poll? If not, I'll have Ryan at three, Lexi Lowe at two

and Dani Maye at number one! Eric, Barnsley

We were going to Eric, but then we thought that maybe our annual awards show kind of trumped it. But then again, we like our readers to have a say and even though we've left it a bit late we may well do it next issue. Dear Club.

I want to tell your readers about a threeguy special that happened to me when my friends Pete, Matt, and Luke came around after the pub. I told them I'd get them a beer each from the fridge, and went into the kitchen. What they didn't know is that I was feeling well up for it! When I walked back into the lounge with their cans, I was wearing nothing but my garter belt, stockings, and lace bra. The lads were gobsmacked, especially when I told them I wanted all of my holes stuffing with their cocks!

They started getting naked before I could finish my sentence, and they were quickly pulling at my sexy underwear. As they slid my knickers down I felt my pussy get warm and moist – so moist, my cunt juice was beginning to seep out. Luke lay on the floor and I mounted him, his hard cock sliding into my pussy, filling me right up.

Matt began to lubricate my arsehole and then slid his manhood in, while Peter stuck his cock in my throat. I could feel all three of them pushing in and out of my body, all of them filling me up. I began to grind onto the cock in my pussy, feeling the dick in my arsehole pushing in rhythm, so that both cunt and arse were filled at the same time. Peter held my head, sticking his hard cock into my throat so I had to breathe through my nose as each of them jackhammered my body with their bludgeoning cockmeat.

Pete came first, pulling out and cumming over my hair. At the sight of his spunk spraying Luke began to cum too, and I felt his load erupting deep inside me. Finally, Matt spunked up in my arsehole. As the men stepped back, I stuck my fingers into my sopping, spunk-filled cunt and then my dripping arsehole, pulling them out covered in their jizz and my cunt juice, and licked it off my fingers.

I can still remember it like it happened yesterday, and just thinking about the evening and writing this letter has got my cunt foaming again! I was satisfied for the night, but I've got to get my three kings around again soon. I'm gagging for another very spunky session!

Shazza, East Grinstead.

Dear Club,

I've got the best new kink. Last week my wife was 'on the blob', which usually means no shag, no blowjob, nothing. So we were lying



BEHIND THE SCENES!

Dear Club

I've always wanted to be a fly on the wall at one of your photoshoots. I'd like to see what the atmosphere and environment was like as, say, Aaliyah and Cherrie posed for their photos. Is it actually sterile and professional with the girls doing their job and then going home, or does it get a bit wild and sexy and things happen that you're not allowed to show us? Telling us is one thing, but experiencing it is another! *Tim, London*

We get a lot of similar requests, Tim, and we've been thinking about a competition to take one lucky reader into the studio. Let's just say what happens depends on the girls themselves. Aaliyah and Cherrie definitely got carried away and did things we're not allowed to show in the UK! But even girls on their own sometimes get caught in the moment and want to finish themselves off... or any bloke in the room!

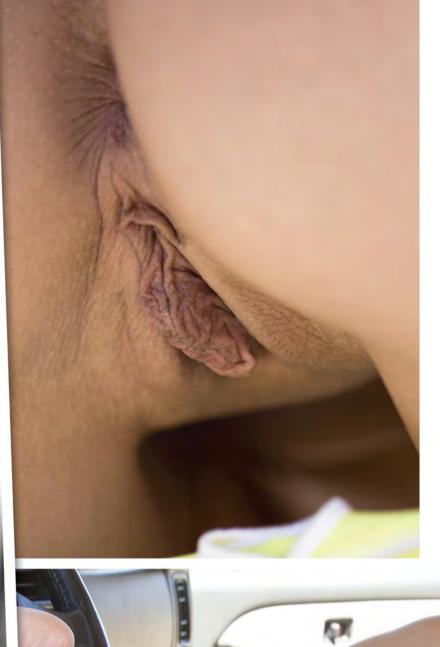
there in bed, me with a raging stiffy and her with an indifferent attitude, when suddenly she suggests something new. Why not, she says, try her armpit? I thought she'd lost the plot, but she grabbed the baby oil and smeared it all over my old chap and her armpit, then rolled over and invited me in.

The sensation was extraordinary! Luckily, she'd just shaved, or else the stubble would've circumcised me but, believe me, it was exquisite. The smooth, soft skin of her armpit made the perfect 'snare' for my thick cock, and I built up a steady rhythm while she reached around and stroked my balls from behind. It was probably a mixture of the excitement and the novelty of such an odd way of fucking, but I had an amazing orgasm, shooting a load of spunk all over her back and, more importantly, her side of the bed. Give it a try, lads!

Bryan, St. Helens. 🌲







t has been almost two years since Staci last graced the pages of *Club International*, two years in which she's carved out a nice career as a porn star and bought herself some new wheels.

"A good car was the first thing I bought when I got my first big cheque," she tells us. "You have to drive out in LA, you can't walk anywhere. And I'm a real car chick as well. I do everything in here – sleep, work, call friends, have sex."

Isnt it a little cramped?

"It depends what you want to do! It's actually pretty spacious, but you don't need a lot of space to give a blow or handjob! Of course, no one else is insured for my car, so I usually have to pull over – but I know plenty of parking lots and underground places where I can gobble some cock and then drive off again!"













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FIFA Women's World Cup

Canada = 6th Jume to 5th July

f you hadn't already noticed thanks to the Beeb's impressively comprehensive coverage, the FIFA Women's World Cup kicked off in Canada just a few days ago. There was a time when this tournament could've slipped by without so much as a highlights package on Transworld Sport, but with female footy booming in many countries across the globe the 2015 running is on course to be the biggest in the history of the game. It's even got its own Panini sticker album...

In England, for example, average attendances for the domestic Super League competition have been increasing steadily season on season, most notably since London 2012, and at international level the women's team smashed their previous record of 29,000 when over 45,000 fans flocked to Wembley to watch the friendly defeat against Germany last November.

Across the pond, American Super League clubs boast average crowds of around 4,000

This month, Matt Loxham attempts to introduce the concept of women with their kits on to the pages of Club...

for domestic games and can draw up to 20,000 in some of the big soccer-mad states. Not amazing by comparison with the men, but progress nonetheless. On the international scene, Team USA drew 10,000 fans to a recent qualifier with Switzerland and played out a friendly with Canada in front of 30,000 fans in Winnipeg. Indeed, if anything the sport is becoming even more popular in the home of Mounties and maple leafs, making them the perfect hosts at the perfect time.

So you get the point; more and more people are getting interested in watching women play football, and behind us are the days when the sport's primary purpose was for blokes to tune in for a laugh or to provide a vehicle for that shit joke about swapping shirts at full-time – but which teams are the ones to watch?

Japan are the current World Cup holders, having beaten Team USA on penalties in the final in Germany back in 2011. The US,



on the other hand, are the current Olympic Champions, having avenged that defeat when edging out the Japanese at London 2012.

More recent form helps to separate these two rivals. Whilst Japan struggled to hard-fought victories against Australia and China in qualifying, the Americans breezed through their campaign, giving them the honour of being bookies' favourites.

However, don't be fooled into thinking this is a two horse race. Current European Champions Germany are ranked number one in the world at present, and after winning all their qualifying matches can be considered a major threat in Canada.

As for England's chances, despite receiving something of a footballing lesson by the Germans last year in the aforementioned 3-0 humbling, Mark Sampson's charges are an improving outfit with ambitions to go beyond the quarter-final stage at a World Cup for the first time.

Like many of the fancied teams, England won all their qualification matches, and go into the tournament on a high after beating a decent Canadian side in the final of the Cyprus Cup. With talismanic forward Kelly Smith now retired, Eniola Aluko's goals will be crucial, along with the midfield knowhow of Fara Williams and Karen Carney, who have over 200 caps between them. France will be tricky group opponents, and Columbia are no mugs, but let's

face it: however Sampson's squad get on in Canada they should be more entertaining to watch than the men – and not, I repeat not, because they swap shirts at full-time.



The Ashes First Test

Cardiff = 8th to 12th July

o what's been happening this year in the topsyturvy world of the England cricket team? Well a disastrous World Cup campaign in Australia and New Zealand, where Eoin Morgan's hapless twats failed to progress beyond the group stages, was followed by a typically erratic three test series in the West Indies. Things started off fairly well in the Caribbean, with England dominating a drawn first match, and then got even better when Jimmy Anderson's heroics with the ball and in







the field inspired a nine wicket victory in the second.

However, just as something approaching optimism began to surface around Alastair Cook's team they cocked it all up by slumping to a limp defeat in the final encounter, turning quiet positivity to noisy negativity in a single batting collapse. How England will fare against an Australian side that is essentially 'a lot better' than the West Indies is on paper frighteningly predictable. In reality it could be even worse...

Michael Clarke's charges go into this Ashes series having defeated India 2-0 in a four test series at the turn of the year and then going on to win the World Cup in impressive fashion in March. Confidence in the Aussie ranks is understandably sky high, and if England want to avoid an almighty shafting akin to the





whitewashing received last time around this summer then they'll have to somehow find improbable improvements in three key areas, namely batting, bowling and fielding.

Collapses at the tail-end of the order and a lack of runs at the top blighted the West Indies series, the latter culminating in the retirement of opening batsman Jonathan Trott. The performance of spin-bowlers Moeen Ali and Joe Root has been roundly criticised, even by that most famous of all shrinking violets, Geoffrey Boycott, who has referred to their efforts as the worst he's seen in 50 years of commentating. Certainly, across the three matches England relied far too heavily on the wickets of Stuart Broad and Jimmy Anderson. Furthermore, dropped catches and mistakes in the field at key times cost Cook's men,

notably so in that dreadful third test defeat.

So in a nutshell it's not looking good unless some miracle supersubs can be found before the first test in Cardiff. The mooted return of Kevin Pietersen almost certainly won't be enough.

Le Tour De France

Utrechi to Paris = 4th July to 26th July

fter the overwhelming success of Yorkshire's 'Grand Depart' in 2014, this year 'Le Tour' pedals off Froome, who crashed out of the race last year. Froomey's preparations, however, have been disappointing to date, and withdrawal from the Tirreno-Adriatico coupled with a lacklustre third in the Tour De Romandie, both important prep races for Le Tour, outline a struggle for fitness and form. Froome did, however, overcome one of his big rivals, Alberto Contador, at Andalucia's Ruta Del Sol race back in February, although Contador has since found a worrying consistency in his build-up races. This is more

England will have to somehow find improbable improvements in three key areas, namely batting, bowling and fielding"

in Holland, the spiritual home of the bicycle, where there are apparently more bikes than people. Whether Dutch crowds will be as passionate as the hoards who lined the roads in their thousands across the likes of Leeds and Sheffield is unclear, but the racing should be very special. Taking to the start line in Utrecht on 4th July will be one of the most intriguing and open line-ups in years, with a clutch of riders in with a realistic chance of wearing the iconic yellow jersey up the Champs Elysees some three weeks of gruelling cycling later.

British hopes sit firmly with 2013 champion Chris

than can be said for last year's winner of Le Tour, Vincenzo Nibali, with the Italian finishing a disappointing 16th in the Tirreno-Adriatico and tenth at the Tour De Romandie.

For many, the rider to watch is Columbia's Nairo Quintana, winner of the Giro d'Italia in 2014 and who began his preparations this season with victory in the Tirreno-Adriatico. Quintana's tenacity in the mountains will naturally be a massive asset to him in the French Alps, and rivals will be looking to exploit his lack of speed in the time trials. At present only Contador, rather than Froome and Nibali, looks to have the form to do this.



















OFF YOUR HEDONIST

How we filled the aching void in our souls...

RATINGS:

★ BROKEN ARROW ★★ BROKEN DREAMS ★★★ BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN ★★★★ BROKEN AGE ★★★★★ BROKEN BISCUITS

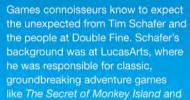






Broken Age

(Double Fine, PC & Mac, £22.99)





Grim Fandango. After leaving, he gave us the bonkers PS2 classic Psychonauts and the flawed if likeable heavy metal actioner Brutal Legend. In other words, he refuses to be pigeonholed, but you can expect Schafer to deliver games with personality, far away from the beta-tested to blandness world of the Triple-A game

Broken Age is, in fact, a blast from the past. The Kickstarter funded game goes back to Schafer's point-and-click roots with a tale of two apparently unconnected teenagers, Vella and Shay. It's a game that charms from the outset, even if it's not overly challenging and the puzzles are rudimentary. Instead, it works through its wit, its visuals, and its appeal to the heart. At a time when adventure games are confined to the Telltame Games ghetto of occasional QTE's, Broken Age shows the genre still has a place in modern world. Released initially in two parts (for complicated funding reasons we won't bore you with here), it's now available in one, and the copy we bought has no DRM and works on both Macs and PC's. We'd say that's a good way to do business.



Mean Streets

(ICON Entertainment, Blu-ray £9)

With Martin Scorsese misfiring in recent years, or being overpraised for standard dreck like *The Departed*, it's refreshing to witness the HD debut of one of his earliest and still best films. It's De Niro before he was coasting and Keitel before those dreadful adverts. It's New York's gritty lower East Side before gentrification



and it's also a slice of French New Wave transported to America. But while the world it's set in may have changed dramatically, the film itself hasn't aged at all in 40 years, thanks to the energetic performances and Scorsese's ability to capture real life as it's lived. The transfer is more than passable, and at this price an upgrade is a must.

Birdman

(20th Century Fox, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £14.99)

Alejandro Gonzalez Inarritu's award darling thoroughly deserved its Best Picture Oscar, even if you can understand why it leaves so many viewers cold. On one level it's simple: A former star of a superhero film franchise (Michael Keaton) attempts artistic catharsis by staging a theatrical production of some Raymond Carver



short stories. He hires mercurial actor Mike (Ed Norton) but is plagued by self-doubt, visions, hallucinations and a daughter on the verge (Emma Stone). Dive deeper and it's multi-textured: lavish tracking shots are pieced together, Keaton's own background as Batman informs the plot, and it's hard to keep a grip on what's real and what isn't. In other words, you'll want to rewatch it.

The Theory Of Everything

(Universal Pictures, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £12.99)

This biopic of Stephen Hawking was lavished with praise, although to our eyes it is occasionally a bit TV movie-ish. What isn't is Eddie Redmayne's scintillating central performance, while the underrated Felicity Jones provides great support as Jane Wilde/Hawking. It's challenging, but leavened with feel-good moments.



Foxcatcher

(Entertainment One, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £12.99)

Foxcatcher may have won awards, but this drawn from true life story hasn't won universal approval, with the man whose memoir it's based upon disowning it. Never mind, because Steve Carell is great as John du Pont, a millionaire who tries to form his own wrestling team. ***



Jurassic Park Trilogy (Universal Pictures, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £12)

Is it a good time to buy this trilogy? After all, with Jurassic World in cinemas, they'll soon be adding that to boxsets, but on the other hand that means this set is as cheap as chips. All three films are a joy, the extras and commentaries revealing and fun, and there's Ultraviolet codes for those people who want it on every format. Great fun at a bargain price. ***



The Train

(Arrow Academy, Blu-ray £10.99)

Directed by John Frankenheimer during a purple patch that also included The Manchurian Candidate, The Train is a tense WW2 thriller with two tremendous lead performances. Paul Scofield plays Nazi Colonel Von Waldheim, attempting to transport plundered masterpieces



from Paris to Berlin. Burt Lancaster is Labiche, a resistance fighter determined to delay the train until the Allies arrive to liberate Paris. With Michel Simon and Jeanne Moreau also shining, this is a WW2 film with a definite European feel.





Saga Volume Four

Brian K. Vaughan (Image Comics £10.99)

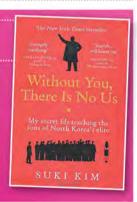
Volume four of Vaughan's stunning graphic novel further widens the focus from the central inter-species couple of Alana and Marko. It remains witty, profane, rude and realistic, despite having Princes who are robots, spaceships made out of trees and all manner of weird and wonderful things. The best thing out there in comics right now, you'll want to re-read it immediately.



Without You, There Is No Us

Suki Kim (Rider £8.99)

In 2011, author and journalist Kim went undercover to teach at the all-male Pyongyang University in North Korea. Her colleagues were all Christian missionaries. her charges the sons of the corrupt elite. Kim's book is tense and revealing, honest about her own weaknesses, even better on those of the broken regime. A fine piece of investigative journalism.



Alan Moore (Knockabout Comics £24.99)

While the film of this classic graphic novel is a mess, this still packs so much power into its dense pages. Moore is a genius, but Eddie Campbell's artwork does much of the heavy lifting in this woozy, hazy, vicious retelling of the Jack the Ripper story. It's also about the onset of the 20th century, something that lifts it from being a violent biopic into an undisputed masterpiece.



Station Eleven

Emily St. John Mandel (Picador £12.99)

This acclaimed novel takes place in two periods of time. The time just before a new strain of flu killed 99% of humanity, and twenty years later, when the survivors are eking out a kind of living in the ruins of the past. It's not modern life as we know it, and a prophet has come to endanger life again. A stunning debut, that delivers from the very first page. 🍨







Formlabs Form 1+

www.formlabs.com

At the current exchange rate, this little thing will run you just north of £2000 – and that's before you've splashed out on the expensive resin you'll need to actually make anything with it. But then who said 3D printers were supposed to be affordable?

At least the Form 1+ looks nice, and with extremely good print resolution it can make small 3D models with élan. However, doing so is a fussy, faffy process – one where you'll have to rinse all the excess resin off with isopropyl alcohol, which you'll also have to buy. Still, 3D printing though.

Pros: Great for small models. **Cons:** Messy, fiddly, size limitations. Expensive add-ons.



Google Chromebook Pixel

www.google.com

There are many Google products that sound genius on paper but then don't live up to the hype. Google Glass, for example, sounds as futuristic as a jetpack, until you see someone wearing them and realise they look silly and are pretty invasive. We prefer it when Google stick to something simple like this Chromebook. which impressed us with over 10 hours of battery life, a great touch screen that looks the biz and really fast USB transfers. Yeah, there are cheaper alternatives, but this one ticks all the boxes.

Pros: Noticeable improvement on previous models.

Cons: Could be slimmer and sleeker. But so could we...



HTC Desire 820

www.google.com

Such is the size of the 820 that you might well be left stranded with something quite a bit bigger than your average smartphone and yet a bit smaller than a tablet. A phonelet? A smartpad? Why the bulk? Well, the two speakers are part of it, and while they're decent, you'll just annoy other people with them.

It also has two cameras, deals with apps quickly thanks to a not too shabby mid-

It also has two cameras, deals with apps quickly thanks to a not too shabby midrange processor and generally provides a nice budget alternative to the real top of the range heavyhitters. But it's still too bloody big.

Pros: Great screen and speakers.
Cons: Too big for our pockets. ♣









e think it's a great idea that Shyla and Capri have decided to fund their college degrees with careers in porn. They get fucked, they cum, they get money. Perfect plan. But we don't think it was such a great idea to become roommates. Capri has just got back from a day sucking dick on set and she's as horny as fuck. Shyla is trying to revise and Capri isn't having any of it. She's determined to spread her horniness to Shyla and it looks like she's succeeded. Yup, it's going to be a night of lesbian delights, and another nail in the coffin for the education of female porn queens! •

















ne question I get asked a lot in your horny letters (and keep them coming!) is what turns me on. The answer is... it depends! Sometimes what turned me on yesterday won't work today. Sometimes a rainy day will turn me on, as I'll want to stay under the duvet and wank all day. Sometimes I'll want the sunshine so I can go skinny dipping. Sometimes I want romance, candles and roses, other times I want to suck on some balls while me and a bloke watch a DVD of filthy anal sex. Today, I'm in the mood for checking out other girls, so I'm fingering the pages of Club while fingering myself. I'll skip my own pictures -I'm not an egotist! - and dip my fingers in my gooey slot while I check out the other babes. You should too... but make sure you give me some attention first! 🍨

















SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Rudeness rated...









City of Vices (Digital Playground)



As much as we like Digital Playground's output, the casts can be pretty predictable. Not this one, which stars Euro slut Aletta Ocean but also finds room for cracking British babes like Lexi Lowe and Jasmine Jae. Turns out it's a British production,

packed full of British studs too. There is a plot - of course there is - but let's not trouble ourselves with that here. Instead let's watch Valentina Nappi and Anissa Kate get bummed and Lexi Lowe swallow jizz. There, that's better. ***



Pretty Dangerous

(Wicked Pictures)

Wicked rarely stint on the cast, but this is one of the sexiest and prettiest we've seen in a while. Stormy directs and stars, a diamond thief aiming to unite five rare diamonds in order to rule the world. Who thinks of this shit? Never mind, because here's Annika Albrite to get buggered, Britney Amber to suck schlong and Asa Akira, Chanel Preston, Allie Haze, Romi and the star herself all doing nice things to dicks. ****



Stewardesses

(Marc Dorcel)

On our most recent international flight, all the stewardesses congregated in the galley and dished gossip about the passengers they hated most. Suffice to say, that doesn't happen in this Euro fuck-fest that Nigel Farage will probably want to to stamp out. Alexis Crystal is the stand out star, but there's plenty of hotties getting their holes ploughed at 40,000 feet. Hold on, who's flying this thing? ***























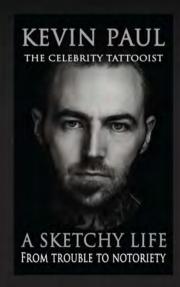
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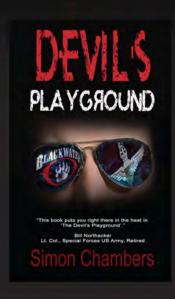


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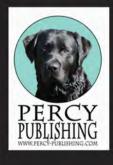






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THE

Katherine Waterston

GL®BE THEATRE

All the world's a stage, and sometimes famous ladies get their norks out on it...

f you saw Katherine Waterston's eye (and fly) popping performance in Paul Thomas Anderson's excellent *Inherent Vice*, you'd be forgiven for thinking she was some 20-year-old ingénue. In fact, she's 35, with a decent career behind her already, taking in *Michael Clayton*, *Boardwalk Empire* and *The Babysitters*. The last was her first topless role, but even that is just a warm up for her prolonged nude scene in *Inherent Vice*. The title says it all... •





TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!



GEISHA FOR GOO!

I hope you've got an oral fixation, because you're going to be licking me all over today. The thing is, I've always wanted to be a geisha girl. What happens to a geisha girl? She's made up, cleaned and shaved, so she's perfect in every detail. She then has to lie totally still on her back while food is arranged on her rude bits, and stay motionless while it's eaten off her!

It's a Japanese tradition, so it's normally sushi eaten with chopsticks. In my version, there are no eating utensils, and the food is more erotic. I've got raspberries dipped in honey on my nipples, belly button and, of course, my crotch.

I'm lying perfectly still on the table, totally naked apart from the strategically placed food. I'm in full make-up, eyes closed – and I'm waiting for you. You come to the table and take a seat. I'm quivering with anticipation, waiting for you to get stuck in. You sit there, and I can hear you swilling your liquor around in your glass. I imagine you savouring the taste of your whisky, while eyeing me up hungrily. You take a few sips, put down your glass, and begin to dine. You



delicately pluck the raspberries from my nipples with your lips, one by one. I can feel your breath millimetres from my nubs, and they harden at the caresses of your breath.

As you pluck each raspberry, the sticky honey leaves a trail behind it, so my firm boobs are getting slowly covered in the stuff. As the lines of honey plop back down onto my skin, they give me goosepimples, extending the enormous sensitivity of my nipples to all over my breasts. My breathing's getting faster already, and you've barely touched me yet.

Having eaten the contents off one nipple now, you lean over to polish off the other. Your body's hovering mere inches from mine as you suck up each raspberry, and I long to wrap my legs around you, push my groin up towards yours and grind against you. But I just stay still, savouring the gentle stimulation as each fruit is eaten off my skin, until my breasts are totally bare, apart from the honey.

You swoop down, and start to gently lick at the honey trails covering my breasts. My body thrills to the sensation, and sends a surge of wetness rushing down to my cunt. The spirals of your tongue get smaller, getting closer and closer to my nipples, which are standing up stiffly and bursting to be touched. Finally, your warm tongue licks over them, making me want to push my tits up into your mouth. I stay still, but I'm not sure if I can do it for much longer.

You lick my nub softly at first, just tickling the pointy bit with the tip of your tongue so I get rushes all up and down my spine. First one nipple, then the other, gets this teasing treatment before you start lapping at them with your tongue, hard. You're determined to get all the honey off, and put me in seventh heaven in the process. You suck at my teats, making my breath catch in my throat, and when you take your lips away, my nips are totally swollen, bursting with sensation. My cunt is seeping juices, mingling with the honey to make a sticky treat between my legs.

You head to my stomach next, scooping up the raspberries from my belly-button with one flick of your tongue. You explore my



Your long, hard tongue licks my sticky mound insistently, teasing the honey out of my pussy..."

belly-button, probing it with your tongue so I wriggle, and imagine what wonders you can do to my crotch. That's where you're heading next.

Coming down from my toned belly with long, wet licks, you spy the mound of honeyed raspberries sitting there, and consume them in one mouthful. The time for patience is long gone. You're left with a sticky patch of goo on top of my mound, and there's a sticky patch of goo waiting for you when I open my legs. Your long, hard tongue licks my sticky mound insistently, teasing the honey out of the hairs before you switch positions to the other end of the table. You run a hand up the outside of my legs, and back down again, enjoying their smoothness. When your hands run back up my legs again, they're on the insides, and exerting a pressure outwards, making me spread them for you.

My pussy is glistening with honey and sexual arousal. My folds are puffy with anticipation, and my clit is protruding with excitement. You dive into my cunt and put your tongue straight up my hole. It's soaking wet, and and opens to your touch easily. As you thrust your tongue inside me, I arch my back, and let a moan escape from my lips. Put it deeper inside me, I want it deeper. Your tongue is now in as far as it can go, it feels like you could lick my belly button from the inside. Wriggling your tongue in my hole, you release a load of girl-juice that falls onto your tongue. My sex-tunnel starts to tighten around your tongue as I get more and more

Round and round you go around my clit, up and down, and you slip a finger into my honeypot as you do so" turned on.

Not wanting to let me go without a send off, you remove your mouth muscle and lick up towards my clit. Closing your lips around my erect little button makes my snatch pulse with arousal, and when you start to gently lick it, I begin to moan gently. unable to contain my delight any more. Round and round you go, around my clit, up and down, and you slip a finger into my honeypot as you do so, enabling you to feel every tremor of my pleasure. You slide your fingers in and out of my hole as you circle round my clit, my whole body is singing to an insistent pulsing that's getting harder and harder as my orgasm approaches. I plant my feet and lift my hips off the table, pushing my cunt into your face.

My arsehole's now free for your molestation. With two fingers still sawing in and out of my

> third in between my cheeks, where it's slick with my juices. Your fingertip dances round the entrance to my bumhole, titillating me, and when you push the tip in there, I start to cum. Oh, sweet Jesus! I'm pushing my cunt into your mouth,

cunt, you slide a

my juices cover your face as my pussy throbs around your fingers. As I writhe on the table, I buck my hips up and down to push your fingers further in me. My wails of pleasure as I release all the teasing tension from the geisha girl play can probably be heard down the street, as I throw back my head and give in to

As my thrashing subsides, you unzip your fly to reveal your erection. It's pointing straight up, shiny and purple, and looks fit to burst. Gripping firmly around my waist with both hands, you slide your meat into my still pulsing pussy. You go in all the way in one thrust, so your groin jams against my clit button, sending another spasm of pleasure through my body. Your cock is stretching me open, and as you withdraw and thrust in again, I shudder with lust. You use your leverage on my waist to pull me back down onto your dick each time you ram into me, making it feel so deep.

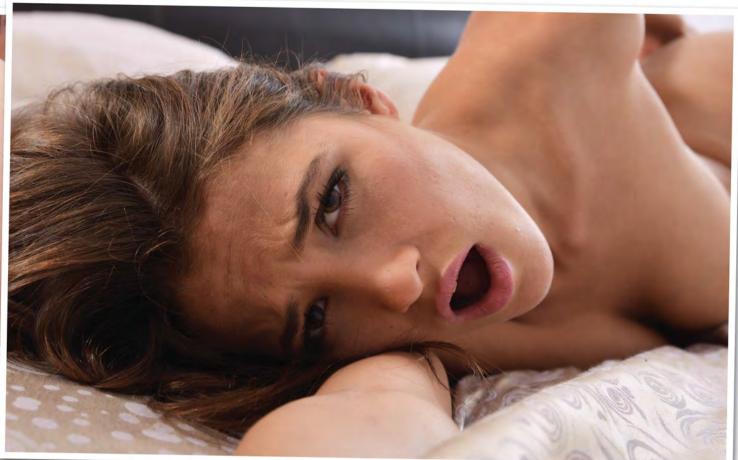
I raise my legs and rest my calves on your shoulders, so it will feel even deeper. Holy fuck! I don't know if I can take that much cock, but I get used to it, and writhe around on your erection, gyrating my groin. You thunder in and out of me, eyes fixed on my pussy as it winks around your cock. Keeping one hand on my waist, you go back to my butthole again, teasing it as you ram into me.

My head's bent up against the wall behind the table and I'm being pushed up against it with the power of your thrusts. I place both hands against the wall and push myself downwards, further onto your dick, and impale my arsehole on your finger. My pussy gets tighter instantly and, as your thick, veined shaft pistons out of my hole, I still push myself towards you and rub my pussy





TALKIN' BLUE







Globules of your sticky spunk hit my perfectly made-up face, spattering over my nose and lips"

against your groin. My head's thrown back and I'm moaning and sighing; it's like my last orgasm never stopped as wave after wave of ecstasy pulses through my body.

Your groin's slapping against mine, pushing my love button, every time, and I can feel you grow bigger inside me, and start to throb. Just as I think you're about to cum you withdraw. You grab a handful of my hair, pull my eager face towards your crotch, and taking your cock in one hand, begin to wank it furiously.

My pussy is still twitching from our frantic fuck, and I ready myself for a load. Still holding me firmly in place by my hair, you release a sigh and finally start to cum. Globules of your sticky spunk hit my perfectly made-up, upturned face, spattering over my nose, eyes and lips with force as your orgasm's a big one. My lips are parted so one spurt goes in my mouth and I get to taste your salty spunk, swallowing it greedily. As your junk splatters against my face my cunt pulses even more, releasing dribbles of honey flavoured girl-cum down my leg. The last pearls of jizz spurt out of you, and I lick your helmet totally clean, tasting my own juices, honey and your spunk. It sure is a killer combination.

I lick my lips to get some more of your creamy flavour. You taste so good, I think I'm going to have to eat food off you next time. Sarah, Wigan

1 OF YOUR 5 A DAY!

My husband has been away on business for two whole weeks, it's the longest we've been apart and I hate it! I love him so much – we've been married eight years and he was my first real boyfriend.

Anyway, after the first day he was gone on this trip to Germany, I was pining like a lost puppy. I got thinking about sex, and I suddenly went nuts at the thought of not having any for two weeks. For a married couple, we have a lot of sex! Most days it's twice. We're so in love. The day after he'd gone I hit on an idea. I was going to frig myself off while wearing my panties and then post them to his hotel with an instant picture of me attached. I know a lot of women sell their used panties this way, so I reckoned they'd stay 'fresh' if I put them in a re-sealable food bag.

It was such fun! I sat on the floor in the kitchen getting all the stuff I'd need ready. I was going to take it all into the bedroom, but in the end I just stayed where I was. I opened the fridge door to get a drink and saw this courgette in there. I couldn't resist it! I pulled my panties aside (they were blue gingham ones, if you're interested) and I gently touched myself with it. Christ, it was cold! I stuck two fingers into my mouth to get this all wet and slippery and then with one hand pulled aside my pussy lips while the wet fingers probed my opening, lubricating my slit.

I slathered some spit around the veggie, then gently pushed it up my love hole. The heat of my pussy and the cold of that courgette really went well together, and I laid back for a bit, feeling it filling me up. I didn't push it in and out – instead I wiggled it about where it was, because it was hitting my G-spot just right. I started thinking about my bloke as I applied pressure to my new fresh goods dildo, imagining I had him here frigging me off with the contents of the fridge.

In my thoughts he had his dick in my mouth while he pushed the courgette up my hot cunt. Maybe I'd even let him stick something up my arse (his dick is too big for me to take up my bum, but a small – I don't know – carrot maybe, that might just be okay!). As I got wetter, that vegetable just slid further and further up my pussy. I pulled my panties back up so it wouldn't slide out and then started frigging my clit. It felt so good, as I pounded my bud I only had to move a fraction to get the full force of that courgette up my twat. When I came, I drenched my panties! It was uncontrollable – I just kept clenching around

it while my juice poured out onto the cotton. I took a quick snap with the instant camera of my panties pulled aside and the courgette half out of me. Then it popped out of its own accord, and I wiped my cooze with my panties and put them straight in the food bag.

A couple of days later, my husband called. He loved his present, only he'd opened them in the hotel lobby and is now worried in case anyone saw! When he phoned he said he was wearing them over his face like a mask and he was going to start whacking off to the smell of my cunt. We both masturbated together and had great phone sex that night. It doesn't make up for his being away, but it certainly made his trip a little more bearable! Gloria, Bournemouth •

















































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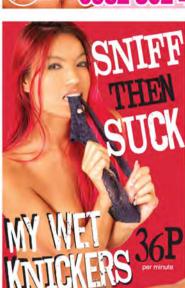




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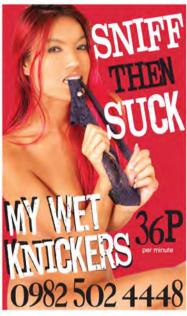


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KINKY THOUGHTS!

Great! You're here. Just when I was thinking you'd stood me up. You like my corset? I know you told me to be naked when you arrived, but you said, "Think kinky thoughts," too. Anyway, I always feel more naked when I wear naughty gear than when I'm actually naked. It's how it draws attention to my sexy bits – the way my tits are shoved right up and forward and my cunt is framed . . . No, you can't miss them, can you? Tell you what I have been missing, though: your big hard cock inside my cunt, right down to the balls.

Don't act all shocked; you love it when I talk dirty. Yeah, maybe you should put me over your knee. That's right, sit on the settee, and I'll stretch out over you. I'm wriggling about, trying to get comfy. My tits are spilling out of the top of my corset, and squashing flat against the cushion. Now my arse is dead centre, over your lap, and your hard cock's pressed up against my mound. And it's getting harder . . .

Mmmn, you've got a bit of a thing about my arse, haven't you? You love how plump and firm it looks when I wear stockings. You're teasing me – teasing us both – stroking down my back through my corset, building up to your first feel of my arse. One quick squeeze is all it takes to get me squirming myself against your prick.

Yeah, you're caressing my cheeks now, rubbing and kneading the flesh, pulling them apart. Your fingers are inching towards my crack, and now – mmmn! – you're skimming

them up and down it. Your fingertips sink into my soaking wet hole. Yes, I have been playing with myself, just like you told me to. I know how much you like me to wank myself to orgasm before we have a fuck-session. You like me to get my cunt all pink and moist and puffy, so it will be tight and tender around your prick. I buck against you as you probe me with a finger, then you offer it to me to suck clean.

"Sit on me," you say, and I move round to kneel over your crotch. We kiss, your tongue probing deep inside my mouth, your hands feeling their way up my body to my tits. You're caressing my fleshy globes, now, and, hey, you're not afraid to get a little rough with them, are you? You give my nipples a playful tweak and roll them between your fingers and the harder you pinch or pull them, the harder I kiss you.

Mmmn, kissing you feels sooo nice. My pussy's starting to throb, it feels so warm and wet and . . . oooh yeah, there goes your hand, snaking in between my thighs. You're cupping my pussy, squeezing my labia together around my clit. I'm grinding my hips against

and twitchy from cumming that I'm virtually sucking you inside me, as deep as I can. I'm circling my hips around on you now, savouring the feel of your cock stretching and stuffing my hole. The head of it is butting up against the top of my cunt, and I can feel your pubes rubbing roughly against my clit. You want to feel me cumming around your shaft, and it won't take much. Just a little rub on my clit, and my cunt is clenching hard, then rippling. As my body flushes all over, you start to suck on one of my nipples, which immediately brings me off again.

How can you hold back so long? I'm grinding hard on your prick, clamping my cunt hard around it. You've got me so wet my juices are streaming out – I'm reaching down to rub your balls, and they're all soaked and sticky. I grind even harder and faster, my cunt muscles squeezing your shaft, like I'm trying to milk the spunk out of your balls, but you've got other ideas. You grab my hips again and ease me up off your prick. We both look down as it slides out of my cunt – it stays sticking

Now, slowly and deliberately, you're sliding your prick up to my arsehole. It feels so rock hard..."

you. You grab one of my hands and place it on your crotch. Your cock feels so hard against it, straining against the front of your jeans. Think I'd better unzip you right now.

I don't think I've ever felt you as hard as this. The skin is stretched tight over the head of your cock. I'm almost scared to touch you, but you're taking my hand again and curling my fingers around your fat shaft. I'm wanking you now, sliding my hand up and down it, smoothly and rhythmically. I'm using my thumb to rub the underside, right at the join with your cockhead. Your sticky pre-cum is oozing out, and I rub it in.

Your hands slide down to grab my hips, but you don't pull down hard, so I string out the teasing a little longer. I play the head of your cock along my slit, my hand wrapped tight around it so it can't slip in. I touch it to my cunt opening, stirring it around, rubbing it over my swollen lips. You want a tight wet fuck? Well, That's what you're getting!

I look you right in the eye as I sink down on your cock. I'm doing it slowly, so you can feel every inch of it going in. My cunt's so tight up rigid, coated with my frothing cum-cream.
"Get down on your knees," you tell me, with

"Get down on your knees," you tell me, was a wicked grin.

I'm dying to taste your cock and my own sweet pussy juices, but not until you give the word. Come on! Stop winding me up! You're rubbing your cock all over my face, smearing my cheeks and nose with my own juices. Now you're tracing the tip along my lips, spreading what's left of my lipstick over my face, and painting them with pre-cum. "Okay, suck me clean," you breathe at last. I don't hesitate. I start to lap around the head of your cock, working my tongue into every ridge, flicking the tip of it into your love-eye.

As I suck harder, you run your fingers through my blonde hair. Gently but firmly, you pull my mouth on to your prick, until it's touching the back of my throat. I've never taken a cock right the way down it before, but I'll do it for you. I'll suck you right in until . . . oh yeah; my nose is buried in your pubes. They're soaked through with my churned-up pussy juices.

I suck you deep until I have to breathe, then





I let your shaft slide out and suck on your head again. Your prick is starting to jerk against my tongue. Your body tenses as you try to hold back, but I keep on sucking. As I massage your sticky, hairy balls, rubbing them against my chin, I can feel them starting to bunch up . . .

A creamy, salty taste is flooding over my tongue, as the first jet of your spunk bursts on it. I swallow that and the next, using my tongue to keep you cumming hard, then I let the last of it well up. As you come down from your climax, I play with it; pulling pearly strings from my mouth and letting them drip on my chin and down to my cleavage. I rub

my boobs together, working it in, getting them nice and slippery for a titwank. Maybe I'm being too eager. I'm forgetting who's boss today.

You're hard again now, but you're still keeping me waiting. I want to feel that fat, juicy helmet rubbing against my nipples. "Turn around," you say, and position me on all fours. Now you're in behind me, playing with my arse again. You're kneading my cheeks and parting them wide, just gazing at what's between them. My cunt-folds must look even more fuck-swollen now; my hole still slightly stretched from taking your thick shaft. You

touch your cock to it, moaning as you savour the warmth and wetness.

Now, slowly and deliberately, you're sliding your prick up to my arsehole. You use your cock and fingers, and my pussy juices, to open and lube it up. "Okay, now relax . . ." you breathe, splaying me with your fingers as you position the head of your prick. It feels so warm and smooth, but rock hard, too, and huge. I breathe in deeply and push back, straining my muscles against it.

You're pressing gently but firmly against me. I relax and you slide inside me, your swollen helmet stretching open my arsehole, so your entire shaft can slip in smoothly after it. I gasp with the pleasurable shock of being penetrated so deeply, and I start rocking my hips, fucking myself on and off you. My clitoris is already aching in anticipation, and I can feel your hand reaching down, over my hips and stomach and in between my thighs. You're going to make me cum so hard.

As I start to cum again, you really work up some steam, pounding my arse as hard as you did my cunt, your balls slapping against me, heightening the sensations. I can feel every ridge of your shaft as it disappears in and out of my tightest hole, pulling it out to the tip and plunging in to the root again. I bet you can guess where I want you to shoot your next load, right? Katie, Leicester

SEX WITH THE EX!

You can imagine how delighted I was when my boyfriend's ex-girlfriend called up to say she'd returned from her travels, and could she crash with us for a few nights. Especially when I saw her. Erica turned up wearing only a cut-off T-shirt and a pair of tight





denim shorts, with a rucksack throwing her shoulders back and thrusting her tits forward – and what tits they were! 'Bitch!' I thought, smiling my 'welcome' at her.

Erica asked if she could have a shower, and then spent the next half-hour running about in nothing but her knickers and her tank top, her big tits wobbling with every movement. Dave was looking on with more than fond reminiscence, and I was not happy.

That evening, as Dave and I fucked, I asked him if he still fancied her, and the bastard didn't deny it. He just continued fucking me with a dreamy expression.

"You're thinking about her, aren't you?" I said. "Stop it. I'm going to cum, you bastard, think about me – about me!"

But he just smiled as we both came, and I knew that he was imagining that his spunk was squirting up inside her snatch, not mine. And I found it weirdly arousing . . .

"I think I heard you fucking last night," said Erica, tactfully, the next day. "Dave always used to need it all the time. Is he still like that?"

'None of your business,' I thought, but I just smirked and said, "Yes."

"He did me up the bum once," she said, pertly. "Has he done that with you? I thought I'd lose my mind it was so good!"

I couldn't believe we were talking like this, but I admitted that Dave had wanted me to, but I'd never let him.

"You must. He's very gentle, and it's absolutely fantastic."

I should've been furious, but Erica was so

disarming that suddenly it seemed that we were best mates. She was actually a lot of fun to be with – perhaps I was just being too jealous. Actually, the talk about sex made me feel rather horny. After a few days, the three of us had a meal and some wine together, and Erica was flirting with Dave again, making me cross. She'd put on a top that scooped her big tits together into a stunning cleavage, and a short thin wraparound skirt that kept flashing her panties whenever she moved. She was lolling across him on the sofa and I finally spoke my mind.

"Erica, why don't you just let him fuck you? Up the arse, if that's what you want. You don't seem to care that I'm here."

"Good idea," said Erica, with a giggle, "but I've got a better one. Let's get him to fuck you up the arse – you said you wanted to try it!"

"Did she?" Dave asked, shocked, and I could see his cock swelling in his jeans. Before I knew what was happening, Erica was easing his hard-on through his zipper, and stroking him into her mouth like it was still hers. Furious, I knelt down and took it from her, opening my throat and taking his whole length all the way in, until my nose was in his pubes, his heavy balls against my chin.

"That's a good trick," said Erica, and to my amazement, started stroking up my thighs and under my skirt. I didn't want her to feel all the juice that had been collecting in my pussy, but her fingers slipped inside and, wow, did they feel good. My pert little tits were soon at her mouth and she suckled at me just as I was doing at Dave's big cock. Not knowing



what I was doing, I pulled open her top and her big gorgeous tits spilled out, the rosy nipples wide and staring. I couldn't believe I was letting Dave lean across and reach into her panties and thrust his tongue into her pussy, but how could I object when she was giving me such pleasure, and his cock was still safely in my mouth?

That was all to change, though. Erica took charge, and had me kneeling on the floor while she smeared cream onto my arsehole. Then she slowly introduced Dave's cock, feeding it into my tightest part, helping me to accommodate it as easily as I took it into my throat.

"Go on," she said to Dave, "fuck her up the arse!"

He did, and Erica had been right about it. The orgasm, when it came, was of blinding intensity. I was in tears of joy, and I thought I'd never come down. Erica didn't mess about, either. She pulled his dick out of my arse and took it straight into her mouth.

"Oh god, what a taste!" she gushed, making sure she cleaned every inch of his throbbing, sticky cock with her tongue. And then she slid it back into me so Dave could start ploughing my bumhole once again.

Dave hadn't cum yet, though. The bastard was saving his spunk for Erica!

Caroline. Durham.

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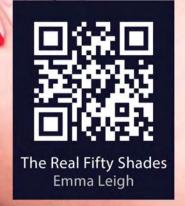
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SEX CONTACTS

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Joanne Blonde 32DD - Midlands very dirty loves All ways! MAILBOX No: 09097 968 100

Alison Curvy & very sexy. Looking for men to give sexy times. I'd love to dress up for you.

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What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WAS IN



30-year-old Shankea Torres became more than a little angry after a McDonald's restaurant twice failed to put bacon in her burgers. A complimentary meal was offered and accepted but Torres again found her bacon to be missing in the second order. Police say Torres fired a shot into the restaurant and luckily no one was injured. Kent County Circuit Court sentenced Torres to serve seven years in prison. We guess it wasn't a Happy Meal then.

Bricking It!



Steven Shuler was avoiding arrest after violating his probation by hiding inside a wall of his home. Shuler squeezed inside a 16 inch-wide gap next to his chimney. Becoming trapped, he had to wait a whole day before a visiting friend found him and called the fire brigade to extract him. The local fire chief exclaimed that he'd never come across anything like it in three decades on the job: "It was a special kind of stupid." Surely there's mortar life than this.

Tasty Tots!

It's a hard life being a burglar, which is why one such offender obviously felt the need to put his feet up on the job, as a homeowner discovered. Descending the stairs, the unnamed woman was confronted by a napping burglar on her sofa, after he'd evidently had a good old raid of the fridge



and heated up some tater tots. The woman ran back upstairs and contacted the police, at which point the man woke and fled through the back door. Officers spotted him in the next street and arrested him. It brings a whole new meaning to couch potato. 💠

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